

"Take the book with you-or else I will leave it in your room. I don't want to read such books again ever. Why? You know. They make me dream. Yearning for perhaps what I miss in this life. And to think that now and forever I will never escape this longing until our souls are at last one. I hate to come back to realities-as I always have to. Reading books (oh, I love them) makes me yearn and as much as I love it-why does it pain to have to come back to even taking food for nourishment. So I long for the time when I will have you forever and dreams, dreams-no yearnings.

"All earth's longings now fulfilled!" Yesterday I was happy, in a way. On the boat and in the water. But on the way home I was thinking hard. Darling, it is as if we had a glimpse of what our souls cry out for and then be denied again. And I feel as tho I never want to hear you say again, "I love you", or caress or kiss me so hard it hurts. You haven't any right to and then wake me up. Or is it myself? When anyone else calls you endearing names and you say "dear", it is far more merciful of you to stab me. How can I even call you darling as I have this morning.

"Oh, I ought not to make it harder for you-but that it what you do to me and I am not repaying, just stating what is the truest fact. You say we are favored by having such a great love. But always-it is ~~xxx~~ so and will ever be-we must always take the bitter with the sweet. And I hope I don't see you today.

"What is the use when you always leave me? Oh, my darling babykins-what a muddle we are in. But I will be content-I will."